

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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PRICE 1/6



The SECRET of the TROLLS



1. Hundreds of years ago in the lovely country of Sweden there stood a proud castle, in which lived Lady Ulfstan, her daughter and their servants. It should have been a happy home but it was not. Never a day passed without the daughter flying into a bad-tempered rage for nothing. The castle was filled with her shrill, angry voice as she screamed, and nothing would ever quieten her.

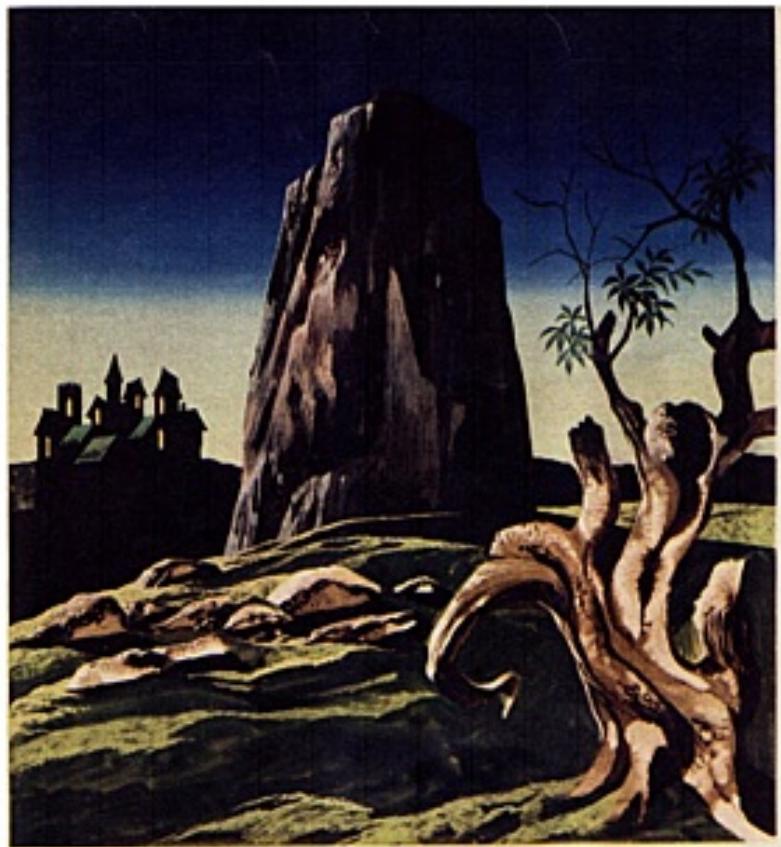
2. "Please, my daughter, do not carry on so," sighed her mother. "You are upsetting the servants and even frightening the dogs. I beg of you to be quiet." But the daughter would not. "If I wish to shout and scream I shall do so as much as I like," she answered. "You are always complaining that I do not know how to behave myself. How I hate living in this horrid castle."



3. Downstairs in the kitchen, the servants were whispering to one another. "Listen! It's that young lady again," said the cook. "If she were my daughter I would turn her out of my house for her tantrums." "She is supposed to be Lady Ulfstan's own daughter, but sometimes I wonder about that," said the other.



4. At times Lady Ulfstan wondered about it, too. Her husband had died when her daughter was a baby and then she herself had been very ill. After many months Lady Ulfstan got better and was able to see her child again—but by that time the daughter had changed from a happy baby into a sour, ill-tempered girl.



5. Lady Ulfstan looked out of the window across the fields and hills. Her attention became fixed upon a mighty lump of rock standing on bare ground. It was said that underneath the Magle Stone, as it was called, there lived some trolls. She could not help thinking that they had a connection with her daughter.



6. She called for Mark, one of her bravest servants. "I will reward you with a fine horse and splendid clothes if you dare to visit the home of the trolls beneath Magle Stone and learn their secret," she told him. "Try and find out what goes on there and come back and tell me everything that happens."



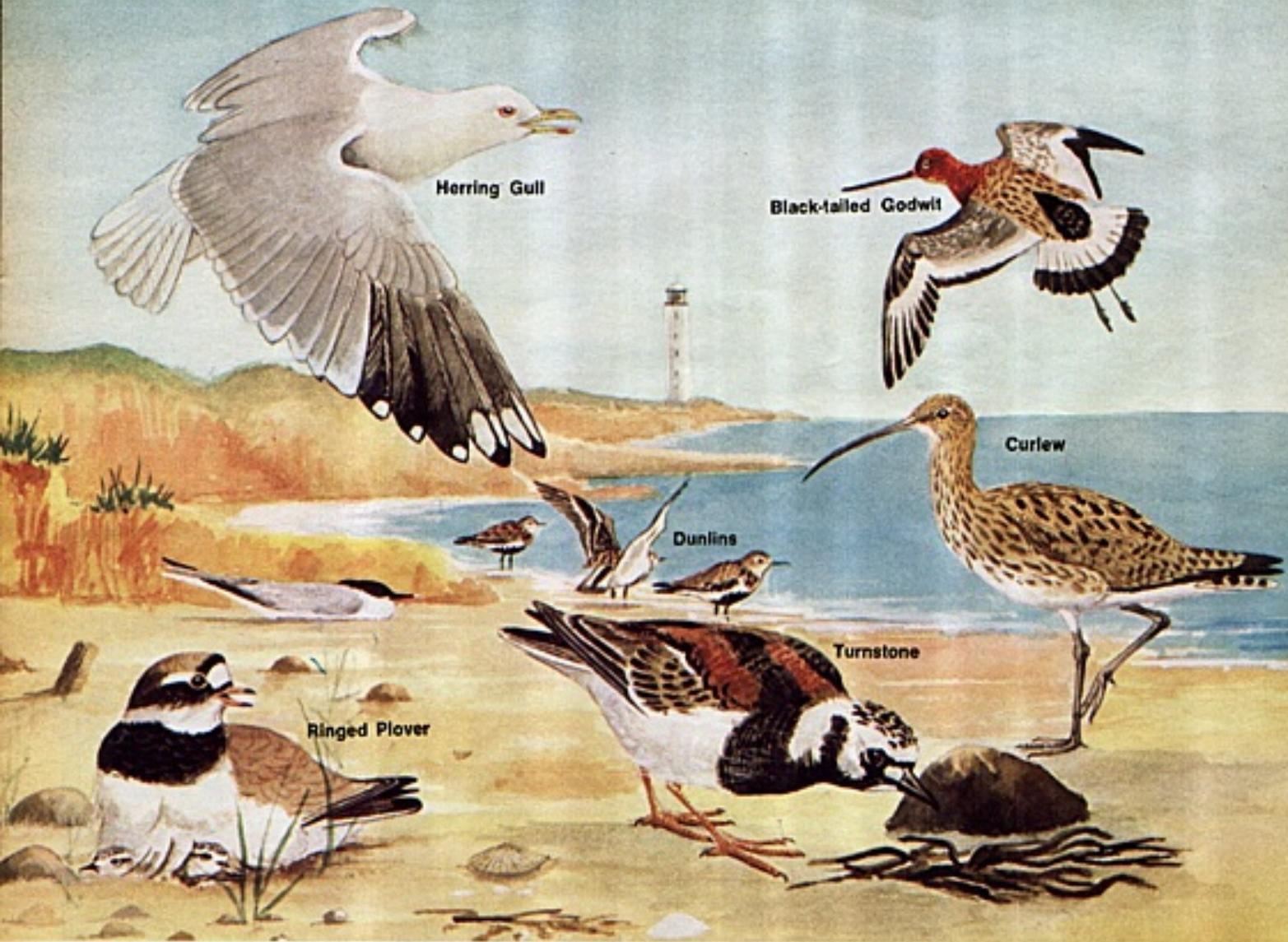
7. "I will go, good lady, though people do say that there is great danger for a person to visit the underground home of the trolls," Mark told her. Bravely the young man went to the stable and saddled a horse. The night was dark and the wind was cold as he set out towards the mysterious Magle Stone.

8. "Go back—go back, young man, before it is too late!" the ice-cold wind seemed to be sighing in his ear. But Mark had plenty of courage and he rode his horse towards the great rock. "What the trolls are like I do not know, but they are said to be different from people like myself," he said, pressing forward.

Next week you will see what happens in the strange underground world of the trolls.

All Sorts of things found at

Building sand castles is not the only thing we can do at the seaside. Some of our most beautiful birds can be seen there, and shells of varying types and sizes can be found on the beaches. These two pages will show you some of the things you will see on your next visit to the seaside.



The oyster catcher has a very long, strong beak which enables it to open oyster shells. This sea-bird lives on shell-fish and can crack their shells using little effort. Curlews are a very common sight around our coastal areas and nest inland in Spring, returning to

the shore for the Summer months. Its shrill cry makes it a friend of many birds and animals because it will raise the alarm if danger threatens. They have been known to warn groups of sleeping seals of the approach of men who hunt them. The redshank, like the

TANGLEWEED



COMMON WHELK



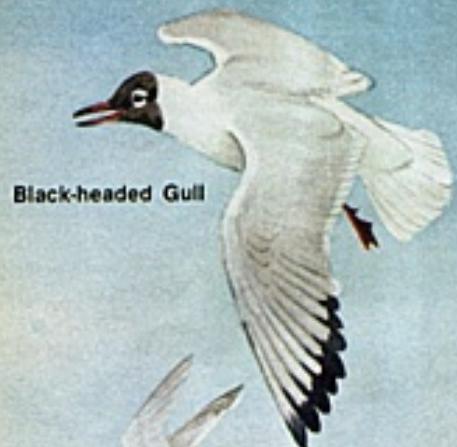
PERIWINKLE



COMMON COCKLE



the Seashore



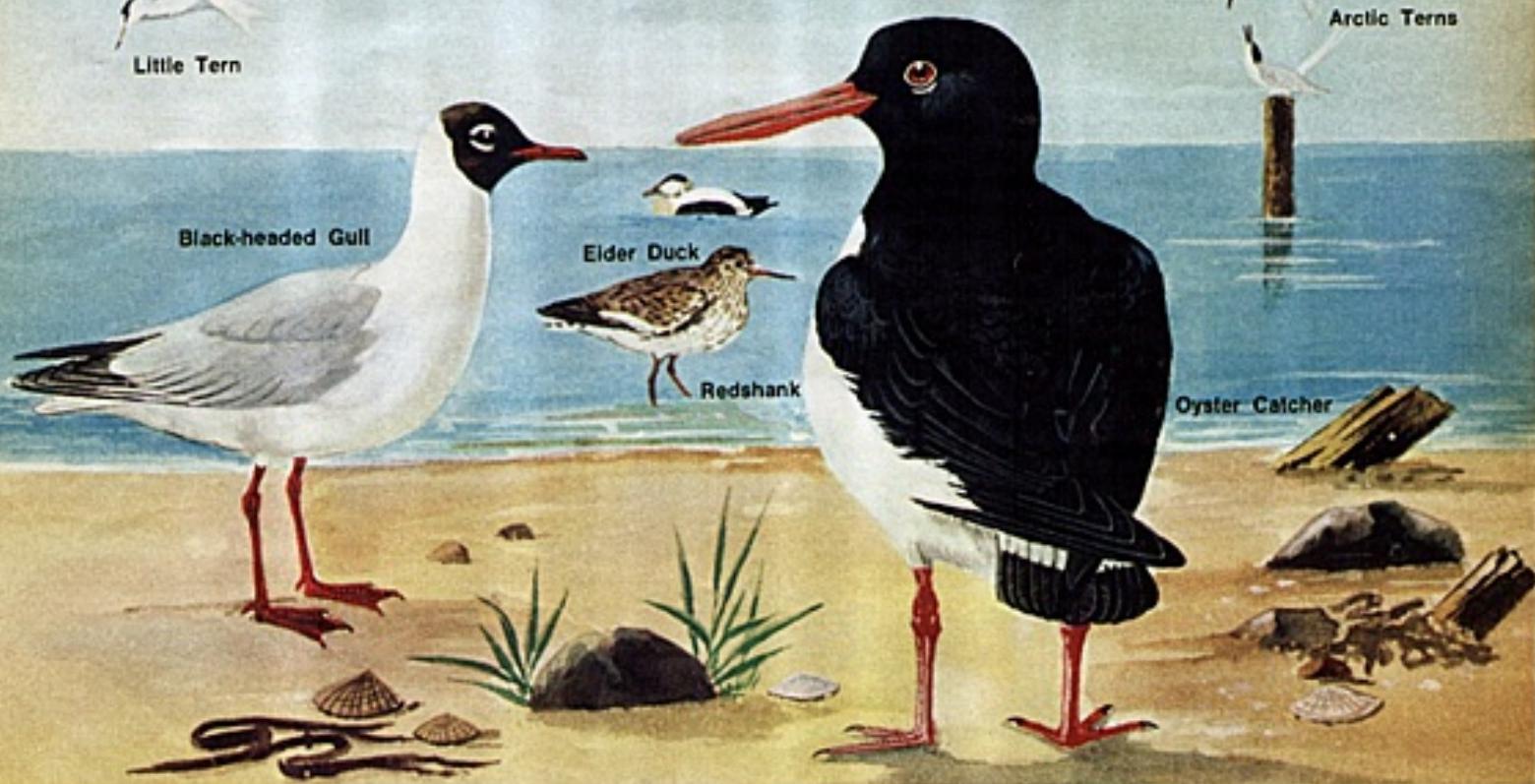
Black-headed Gull



Oyster Catchers



Little Tern



Black-headed Gull

Elder Duck

Redshank

Arctic Terns

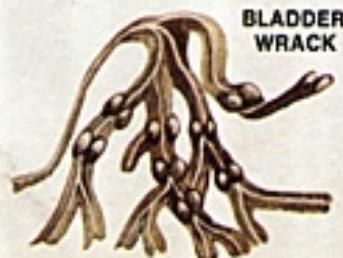
Oyster Catcher

curlew, builds a nest away from the shore and returns during the Summer. Its nest is built on the ground. Truly amazing birds are the Arctic terns. They cover a distance of about 22,000 miles every year, nesting in the Arctic regions during the Arctic Spring and

flying south for the Antarctic Summer. For such a small bird this is a fantastic feat. The terns fly these long distances every year so that they may catch the Arctic sun in the Spring, and the Antarctic sun in the Summer.



STARFISH



BLADDER WRACK



CRAB



JELLYFISH

BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit and the Picnic . . . part 2.

BRER RABBIT had heard Brer Fox and Brer Wolf planning a picnic and it sounded so delicious that his mouth watered at the mere thought of it. Well, of course, when that rabbit heard something that he wasn't meant to know, trouble was sure to follow—and it did.

Brer Rabbit went off home and there he and the little rabbits spent a long time making a big, fierce-looking monster. It was made of cloth, painted in bright colours and there were holes in it, through which showed the rabbits' eyes and ears. There were some sharp-looking teeth, which Brer Rabbit had made from bits of wood, tied together with string. At the front walked Brer Rabbit, with all the little rabbits following along behind and it looked rather like a long snake, with legs, except that it had a very fierce face.

The day of the picnic came. Brer Bear went to call for Brer Fox. They both had plenty of things for their picnic—sandwiches and cakes and buns, pies and lemonade and tea, and ever so many other things. When everything was packed into baskets, together with a clean white cloth for a tablecloth, the two animals set off for the field. It was a good walk and they were sure that by the time they reached it, they would have worked up a fine, healthy appetite.

"This was a good idea of yours, Brer Fox," growled Brer Bear. "Nothing is better than a picnic on a fine summer's day, and by the time we get there I shall feel like eating anything you could put in front of me."

"Even Brer Rabbit," chuckled Brer Fox. "But he won't show his face. He's too scared of us. He's been lying low just lately. He hasn't been up to nearly so many tricks. That's a sure sign he's scared of what we'll do if we catch him."



On went Brer Bear and Brer Fox, little knowing that Brer Rabbit and all the little rabbits were hiding at their picnic spot, laughing fit to burst every time they thought about the shock those two animals were about to get.

Brer Rabbit was keeping watch and as soon as he saw the two animals coming along the road he signalled to the little rabbits to get inside the monster skin. They kept well hidden and so did Brer Rabbit, who was watching Brer Fox and Brer Bear. He saw them put down their baskets and get out the white tablecloth and lay it out on the ground.

Then they unpacked their picnic baskets. They put out the plates and then filled them with cakes and buns. They unpacked the drinks and laid everything out neatly on their tablecloth.

"Nearly ready, Brer Bear," said Brer Fox. "I can't wait to get my teeth into it."

Brer Rabbit crept back to the little rabbits, who were all in their right positions inside the monster skin.

"Ready?" he whispered to them. "Brer Fox and Brer Bear are just about to settle down to the finest picnic tea you ever saw. Now, remember, all follow me, right foot forward, and don't anyone trip, it will give the game away if we all come tumbling down in a heap. And mind now, no whispering and no giggling."

The little rabbits all looked as solemn as they could and stood to attention and

Brer Rabbit took his place at the very front of the monster skin. Then he started to walk forward. The little rabbits all followed along behind, keeping in perfect step.

Silently they marched down into the field where Brer Fox and Brer Bear were just beginning their picnic and then Brer Rabbit let out a terrible roar.

Brer Fox and Brer Bear looked up with a start. They gave one terrified yell as they saw the enormous monster appearing over the top of the hill in front of them, and then they took to their heels and fled away down the field and off along the lane just as fast as their legs would carry them.

At that, Brer Rabbit and the little rabbits couldn't stay silent a minute longer and the monster collapsed in a heap on the grass as they all fell this way and that, nearly bursting their sides laughing.

"Now, children," said Brer Rabbit, "let's just sit down here and make the most of this fine picnic. It certainly would be a pity to see it wasted, wouldn't it?"

The little rabbits all agreed with him, and they sat themselves down on the ground, around the white tablecloth, and in a moment there wasn't a sound to be heard but the munching of sandwiches and the crunching of biscuits and cakes.

"We have certainly earned this fine food," chuckled Brer Rabbit as he bit into a creamy cake. "Now, remember,

children, there's nothing so fine as a feast you have earned all yourself, by your own efforts."

The little rabbits didn't answer, because there was so much to eat that they all had their mouths full. In fact, when they had finished eating it all, they were so full that they could hardly stagger home.

Artful Brer Rabbit gets up to more clever tricks next week.

YOUR EDITOR'S LETTER

Dear Boys and Girls,

It is always exciting when a new story begins in Once Upon A Time, isn't it? And this week, on pages two and three, there is the first part of an enchanting picture story called "The Secret of the Trolls". I think that this tale is terribly exciting and I feel sure that you will enjoy it too. I do hope that the amusing adventures of "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse" are making you laugh. I would love to taste one of Winifred's cakes, wouldn't you? They do sound so tasty.

Your Friend, The Editor.



Summer plants that grow up in Winter



1. Sweet Peas.



2. Forget-me-nots.



3. Sweet Williams.



4. Wallflowers.



5. Pansies.



6. Violas.



7. Polyanthus.



This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions.

Grenfell of Labrador

SIR Wilfred Thomson Grenfell was a famous missionary whose kindness to the fisher-folk of Labrador, Canada, earned him a knighthood.

When he left Oxford University, Wilfred Grenfell had already decided to become a missionary but he felt that he would be of more use if he had a good knowledge of medicine. He trained to be a doctor at the London Hospital.

Shortly after leaving the hospital Dr. Grenfell, as he was now called, joined the Royal National Mission for Deep Sea Fishermen. He fitted up an old boat and took it out into

the North Sea among the fishing boats. From his boat he was able to care for sick fishermen.

A famous builder called Lord Strathcona became a good friend and it was from him that Dr. Grenfell first learned of the plight of the Labrador fisher-folk. In the Winter, these people were cut off from the rest of Canada and life was very hard for them.

Dr. Grenfell went to Labrador when he was 27 years old and made it a centre for his missionary work.

During the years that followed, he instructed the women in nursing, tended the

sick, and took those who were very ill to his hospitals in Battle Harbour and Indian Harbour.

Before Dr Grenfell's time, Christmas had not been properly kept in the small villages. But Dr. Grenfell made a public appeal for gifts, and a ship bearing many boxes came through in the summer. The following Christmas was very gay and Christmas trees were put up in all the village churches. Even Santa Claus was there in his gay sleigh.

Today, Dr. Grenfell is known as "Grenfell of Labrador", and he is still remembered in the fishing villages of Labrador.

FAYALA

the beautiful witch

FAYALA the beautiful witch, who was very pretty but rather spoilt, made up her mind that she was going to marry Prince Anton, the handsome young son of the ruler of the Kingdom in which she lived. She was so sure of herself that she even asked him for a wedding gift of a pair of red shoes, a blue cloak and a green dress.

But Fayala got none of these things, for Prince Anton said that he did not want to marry her. Whereupon, Fayala became so angry and disappointed that she wished a magic spell that all the lovely colours in the land would vanish forever.

And that is what happened. The grass, the leaves, the flowers, the birds and even the butterflies lost all their colour and the countryside was drab and dull.

Sadly, Prince Anton rode back to the Palace and there he found the King and Queen in a great state of alarm.

"What is going on?" asked the King. "My royal cloak of purple has turned a horrid grey."

"And look at my lovely garden," said the Queen, almost in tears. "The roses have lost their colour and are a nasty faded brown."

"And the fields and the trees and the distant hills," added the King. "They were once a glorious sight, but just look at them now."

"Even the blue sky has gone dark grey," said the Queen. "Who can have done such a terrible thing to our beautiful and happy Kingdom?"

Prince Anton told them all about his meeting with Fayala.

"She was angry when I refused to marry her and give her wedding gifts," he said. "Then she cast a spell upon the colours of the land and—poof! She disappeared and I have not seen sign of her since to beg her to change things back to normal again."

"She must be found!" declared the King. "I will make a proclamation at once that Fayala the Witch must be brought to my Palace. You, Anton, will take twenty of the guards and make a search of every inch of my Royal Kingdom."

So a proclamation was made and the

young prince rode out in search of Fayala—but all in vain. Being a witch, she was able to hide herself so well that none could find her.

And, because of her spell, things got worse and worse in the Kingdom. The merchants in the market-place were also made to suffer because of Fayala's spitefulness.

"Look at my lovely cabbages," said one stall-holder. "They have lost all their green colour, as though the frost has been at them. People will never buy them now."

"What about my rosy apples?" shouted another seller. "They were once such a lovely colour that nobody could have resisted them."

"That's nothing. What about all my rolls of beautiful crimson velvet?" wailed a third stall-holder. "They look more like rolls of grey sacking. Who will buy such rubbish now?"

Deep gloom came over everybody. It was terrible to live in a world without colour. There was nothing to cheer up one's spirits like the sight of a deep blue sky and a golden sun.

"How much trouble has been brought to my poor country," sighed Prince Anton, returning to the Palace after an all-day search. "And to think that it is partly my fault for refusing to marry Fayala. She is beautiful, I will admit, and I have no doubt that she would make me a good wife. But it was the manner in which she asked that annoyed me at the time. However, if she were to ask again I might give her a different answer to break this dreadful magic spell."

Meanwhile, Fayala had not found much happiness or fun for having cast the magic spell.

All the other witches who lived in the Kingdom were very angry indeed with her.

"Couldn't you have found some other way of settling your differences with the prince?" they asked her at a special meeting, called to discuss her conduct. "It's all very well to cast a magic spell to get your revenge on a certain person, but this bit of magic is horrid to everybody."

"Including ourselves," nodded the eldest of the witches at the gathering. "Why, with no blue sky above, no green trees, no crimson sunset or red roses, life just isn't worth living."

To give Fayala her due, she felt quite ashamed of herself. She hung her pretty head and tears came into her eyes.

"Now that I have seen the result of my too-hasty magic spell, I would give anything to put it right again," she answered. "But I am only a young witch and I have neither the skill nor the experience to undo the magic. What can be done?"

Will the magic spell be broken? More of this lovely story next week.





The Elf who overslept



1. Paddy was the elf in charge of putting the early morning dew on the flowers in the Fairy Queen's garden. It was a very important job and for this reason he had to go to bed early each night in order to get up bright and early. But one night he stayed up much too late, enjoying himself at the fairy revels.



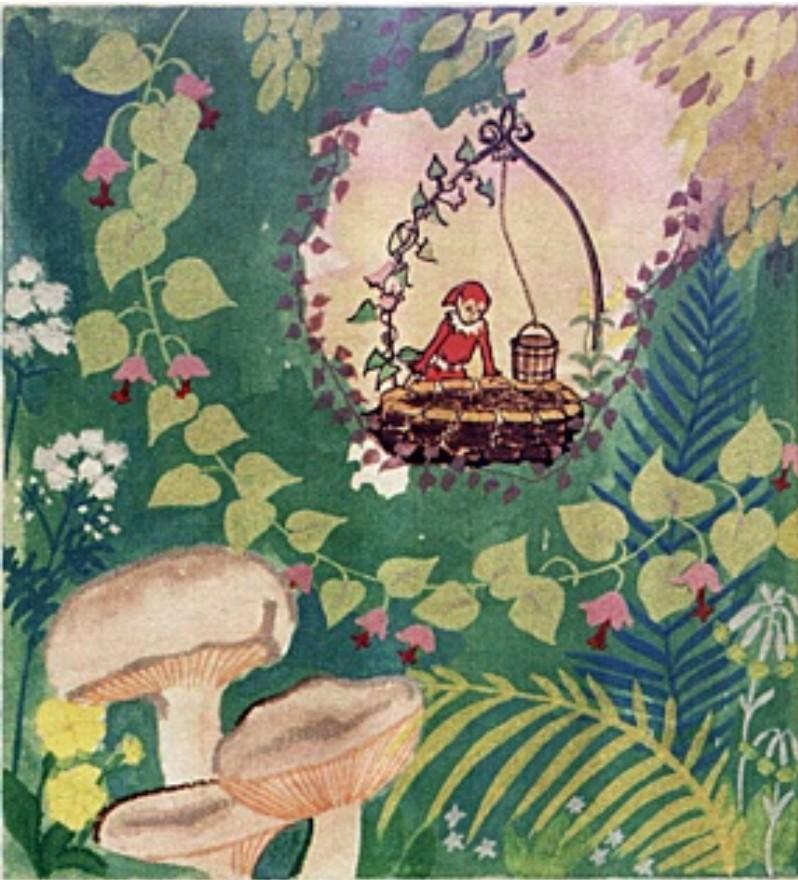
2. The next morning he overslept. The blue-bells rang to wake him up, the tulips rustled their leaves and the roses called, "Paddy, our petals are so dry." But Paddy slept on. When the Fairy Queen looked out of her window there wasn't a single drop of dew on any of the flowers.



3. Of course, she was very cross. She didn't like to see her beautiful flowers so thirsty and dry. So the Fairy Queen roused Paddy from his deep sleep. Paddy tried to say that he was sorry, and that it would not happen again, but she wouldn't listen to any excuses. "I shall give your job to another elf," she said sternly, "and you are banished from Fairy-land forever."



4. So Paddy left Fairy-land and went to live in a garden in a big city, where no one knew him. There he would talk with the flowers about the wonderful times he had had in the country at the Fairy Queen's Court, and when the flowers listened to Paddy they felt very sorry for him. Sometimes he'd help the garden's own elf to share out the early morning dew.



5. One day the elf in charge of the dew well found that it had dried up. He quickly cast a spell to make it fill up again, but the spell was a slow-working one, and it was clear that it would take many, many days to magic enough dew for all the flowers who needed it to keep themselves from fading away.



6. The news reached Paddy as he was helping a sun-flower to face the sun. It was brought by a butterfly who'd heard it from a worried bumble bee. Paddy thought of all the flowers in the world longing for their refreshing dew in the morning, and knew that he must do something.



7. "What about plain water?" asked the butterfly, anxious to help. "No," said Paddy. "Dew isn't just water. Dew is a special thing—a happy thing." And suddenly he had an idea. "Spread the word through Fairy-land," he cried. "The elves must collect all the happy tears in the world and fill the dew well with them. Hurry, for there is no time to lose."



8. So the elves of Fairy-land flew about the world collecting tears of laughter and joy and pleasure and welcome. Everywhere anyone wept with happiness, there were the elves. Soon the dew well was brimming—and what do you think? The Fairy Queen was so pleased that she forgave Paddy for oversleeping and gave him his job back. And he never overslept again.

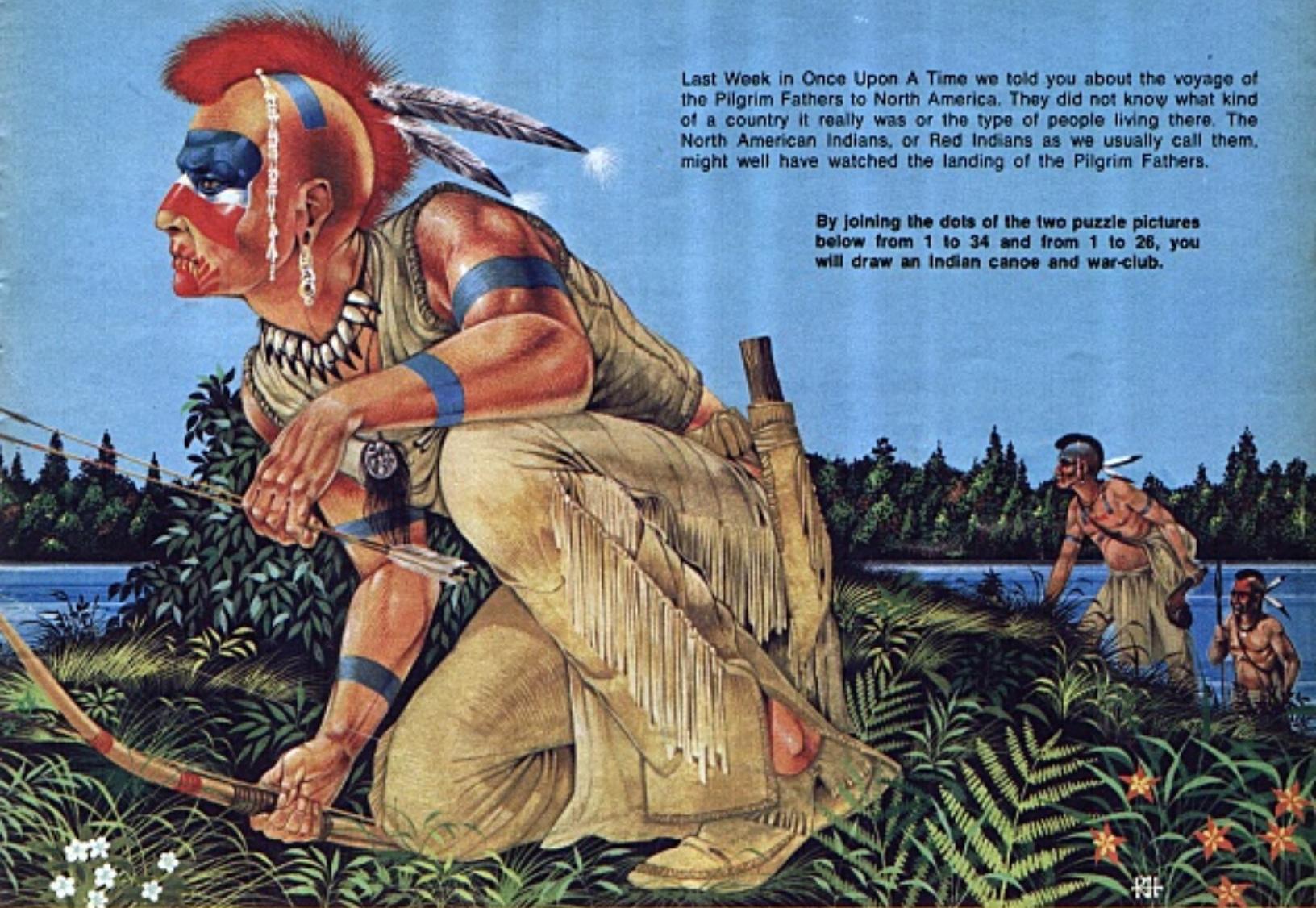


BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

When Captain Scott, the famous explorer, made his first visit to the Antarctic, he sailed in a ship called "Discovery". This famous ship is now berthed in the River Thames, London, and is well worth a visit. After the expedition, the ship was sold to the Hudson Bay Trading Company, and it spent many years

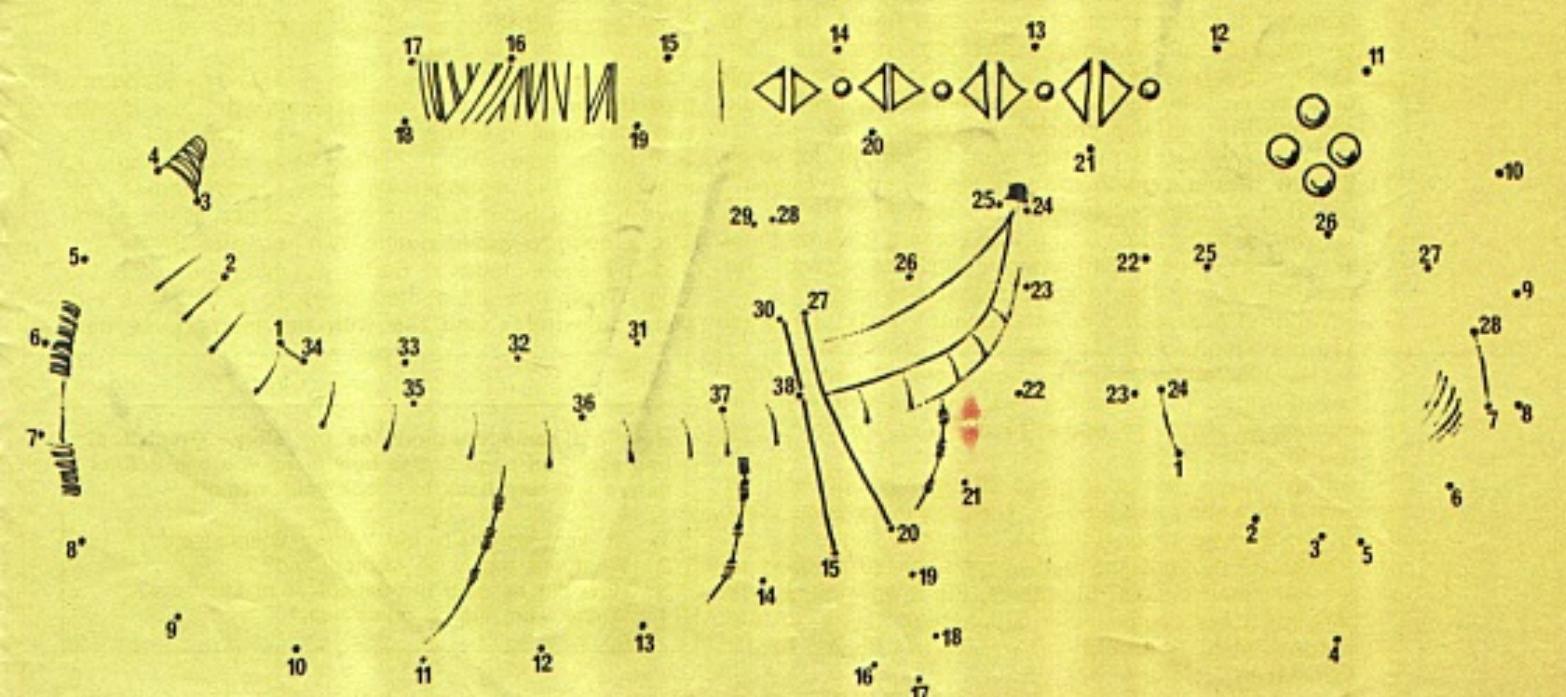
sailing to and from Canada. "Discovery" sailed in the First World War and is now used seven days a week by Sea Scouts and Sea Cadets as a training ship. The beautiful picture above shows "H.M.S. Discovery" berthed by the Embankment in the grey light of a London morning.

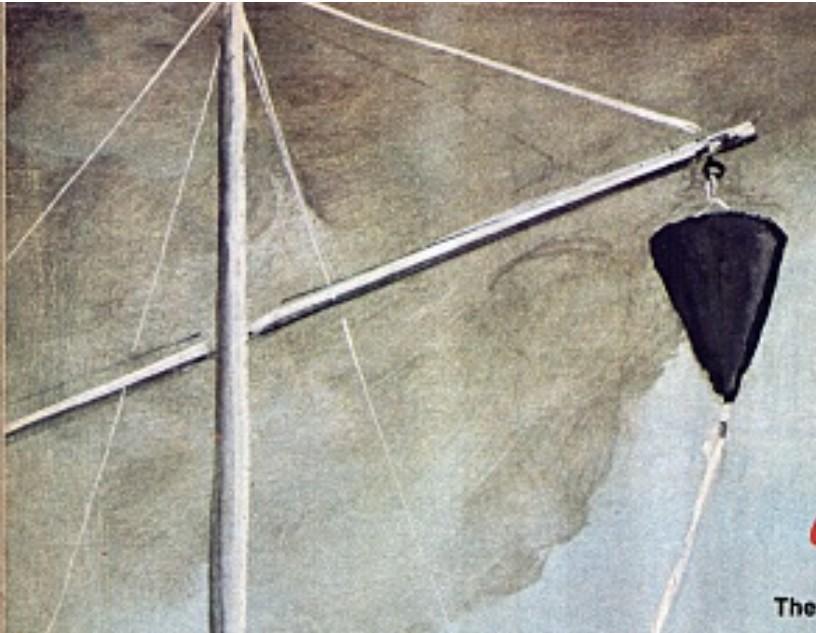
The American Indians



Last Week in Once Upon A Time we told you about the voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers to North America. They did not know what kind of a country it really was or the type of people living there. The North American Indians, or Red Indians as we usually call them, might well have watched the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

By joining the dots of the two puzzle pictures below from 1 to 34 and from 1 to 26, you will draw an Indian canoe and war-club.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

The Fishing Trip . . . Part 2

BERTIE, Winifred's boy-friend, had a day's holiday, so he had decided to take Winifred for a day by the sea. They hired a little rowing-boat and while Winifred dozed happily in the sunshine, Bertie dangled his fishing line in the sea and hoped he would catch some fish.

He didn't manage to catch any fish, but he did see a big, black thunder-cloud creeping up on them and he decided it was time they packed up and rowed back to the beach again. However, it was a long way back to the beach and although Bertie rowed as hard as he could, the storm broke long before they got there.

The wind whipped up the waves and made the little boat rock in a most uncomfortable way. Then it whipped Bertie's cap off his head and carried it away across the water. As Bertie leaned across to catch it, he dropped one of his oars in the water and away it went.

"Ooh, now we really are stuck," squeaked Winifred in horror. "However shall we get back? We can't row with only one oar."

Bertie scratched his head. Winifred was right. He didn't see how they were going to get back again. To make things worse it started to rain and they began to get wet.

"Never mind, Winnie, storms never last long in Summer. It's sure to stop soon," said Bertie, trying to be cheerful, but Winifred didn't look much happier. The trouble was that the storm didn't show any sign of stopping. The sky was black as far as they could see and the sea was choppy all around them.

Bertie was just wondering what he should do, when he saw a boat coming towards them. "Look, Winnie," he cried. "A boat is coming this way."

It was a motor boat and it was coming towards them at a great speed. Bertie stood up and waved and cheered, because he was so pleased to see it.

Winifred just stared in amazement. "Look, it's Nigel and our Stephanie," she said.

Then the motor boat reached them. "Don't worry," called Nigel. "The coastguard told us you were in trouble, so we came out to rescue you. He could see you from the shore."

Nigel threw Bertie a piece of strong rope and he tied it to their rowing-boat. "Now we'll tow you back to shore in no time—hold on," shouted Nigel.

Winifred thought she had never been so pleased to see her smart cousin, Stephanie, the town mouse, and her boy-friend, Nigel, but Stephanie, sitting in the motor-boat, getting cold and wet, wasn't feeling nearly so pleased.

"Trust Winifred and that country boy-friend of hers to get themselves into a mess," she said to herself, crossly. "They can't even go for a simple visit to the seaside without getting into some trouble or other."

In no time at all, the powerful little motor-boat had pulled them back to the shore. The coastguard was watching for them and he threw them a rope.

The two boats went very slowly as they came to the side of the jetty and then Nigel jumped out and tied the boats up and soon Stephanie and Winifred and Bertie were ashore, too.

"Well, I think we ought to get something hot to drink," said Stephanie.

"I'm afraid we drank all the tea in the flask," said Winifred. "We didn't know you'd be coming."

"Flask!" retorted Stephanie, horrified. "I'm not drinking tea out of some horrid old flask that's been standing there for ages. Why, I'm cold and wet and tired after that awful splashing around in the sea, rescuing you. I'm going to tidy myself up and then we shall go to the smartest restaurant we can find."

When Stephanie had tidied herself up she felt she was quite fit to be seen in the smartest place, but she wasn't at all sure about Winifred and Bertie. "I could say they've been shipwrecked," she said to herself. "They do look such dreadful country bumpkins I feel quite ashamed to be seen with them in a really smart place."

So when they reached the restaurant, Stephanie took the manager aside and explained that her friends had just been rescued from the sea and had had a very trying time, and that they were cold, damp and miserable. The manager was very understanding and gave them a quiet table in a dim corner of the room, where nobody would notice Winifred and Bertie and it didn't even matter if Bertie put his elbows on the table. Then they all settled down to a delicious tea. More adventures and fun with the merry mice next week.

Here are some questions on the story "Grenfell of Labrador" on page 9. See how many you can answer before you turn back to check your memory.

1. At what university did Wilfred Grenfell study?
2. What was the name of his friend?
3. How did he help the fisher-folk of Labrador?
4. Where were his hospitals built?



Sinbad the Sailor



1. Sinbad and his companions were striving hard to get their ship away to sea and above them hovered two giant birds called Rocs. They carried huge boulders in their claws and the first bird dropped his and missed! The other bird took even more careful aim, as the steersman tried hard to turn the sailing-ship aside.



2. The aim of the hen bird was perfect. The mighty rock came crashing down upon Sinbad's ship. The planks flew to pieces and the sails and masts came falling down. Such a great hole was torn in the ship's planking that the sea came rushing in and within a few moments the vessel was heeling over and sinking.



3. Sinbad was flung deep down into the sea and when he came to the surface, gasping and spluttering, he saw around him nothing but wreckage. He reached out to grasp a chunk of floating wood and gave a swift look round. "Where are all the others?" he panted. "Did they go to the bottom, never to return?" Sinbad shouted loudly but only heard the swirl of water in reply.



4. Sadly giving up hope of finding the others, Sinbad set about the task of saving himself. Clinging as best he could to the piece of timber, he spent a wretched night. But when morning came he found that the tide had carried him to another island. He felt sad at being alone. His fine new ship, his captain and all his crew had been lost—but now where was he himself?



5. The island was beautiful. Its trees bore ripe fruits and as Sinbad gladly gathered some on the banks of a small river, he saw a strange-looking old man. He was lying propped against a rock and seemed too ill and feeble to move. "Hello, there!" called Sinbad. "Are you a castaway from another ship, friend?"



6. The old man replied by giving a mournful nod. Then as Sinbad asked more questions, he only replied by making signs. "Ah, you wish to be carried across the river," said Sinbad. "Very well, old man, you may jump on my back and I will have you safely on the other side in a moment." It seemed a simple enough task.



7. Sinbad was a little surprised to find the old man rather heavier than he imagined, but he waded across the stream with him, and upon reaching the other side, asked him to climb down from his shoulders. But instead of slipping to the ground, the old man wound his thin legs even more tightly around Sinbad's neck.



8. Poor Sinbad could hardly breathe, but the old man would not let him go. However, loosening his legs a little, he beat Sinbad over the head and made signs that he wanted to be walked under the fruit trees. Tired though Sinbad was he had to obey and watch as the old man picked and ate the best and ripest fruits.



The WISE OLD OWL

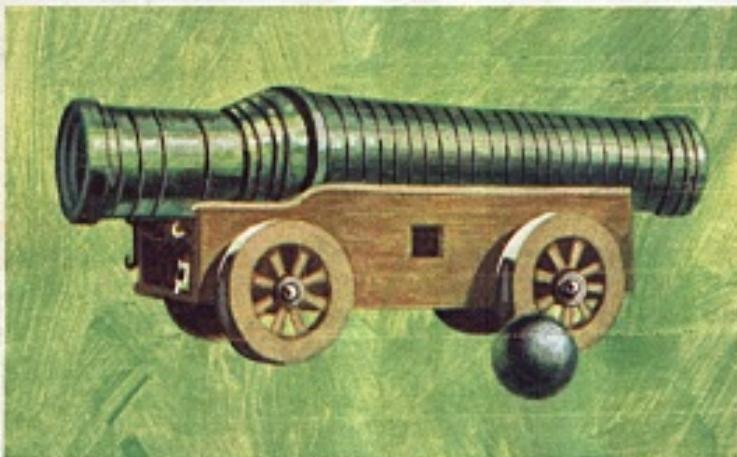
Knows all the answers



The Wise Old Owl is here to answer some interesting and puzzling questions for you.

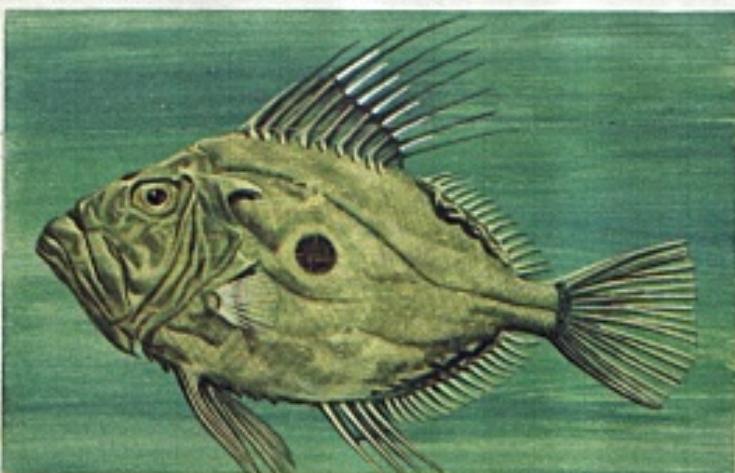
1. What is a ski-lift used for?

"The sport of ski-ing takes place on mountain-sides covered in snow. The skiers like to get up as high as they can to enjoy the longest possible run down the slopes and to save plodding their way up they can use the ski-lifts to take them to the top."



2. What was Mons Meg?

"This was the name given to an ancient cannon, or bombard as it was called in the olden days. It is said that the cannon was used at Mons, in Belgium. It is 13 feet long."



4. How did the John Dory fish get its name?

"This strange fish, which is said to have a man's thumb-print on its side, is yellowish in colour. Its name comes from two French words *jaune d'orée*, which mean golden yellow."

3. Do sea-eagles catch fish and eat them?

"The answer is yes. A sea-eagle is a bird of prey, which means that it lives on other creatures. A fish, swimming too near the surface, can be snatched up by a swooping eagle."



5. Why does a matador use a cape?

"When a matador is fighting a bull, he has to make sure that he keeps out of the way of its sharp horns. By attracting the attention of the bull to the cape, he keeps out of danger."